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MARVEL
30th Mar 91

THE REAL

No 146 45p

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GH^{OST}BUSTERS™

HAPPY-EE
EASTER-
WEASTER!!



ISSN 0954-9404

13



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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

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Happy Easter to you all! This week we have an *egg-cellent* issue for you, packed full of *egg-citing* action packed stories. First off, there is the second terrifying part to **The Real Ghostbusters** astrological adventures in **Horror-Scope Part Two!** Tobias Twin's predictions have all come horribly true. Is he getting his information from somewhere else? Or something?!!

All The Real Ghostbusters' Easter Eggs have been going missing, and there's no prizes for guessing who or what is responsible in a chocolate egg-stravaganza story, **Choc Horror!**

There's some *egg-ceptionally* good ectoplasmic features as well as the first part of an eggs-traordinary Ghostbusters adventure entitled **Samhain Chanted Evening!** So don't waste a second, get busting!

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Cover by BRIAN WILLIAMSON, BAMBOS and JOHN BURNS
Editor STUART BARTLETT Spirit Guide DAN ABNETT



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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



PETER VENKMAN



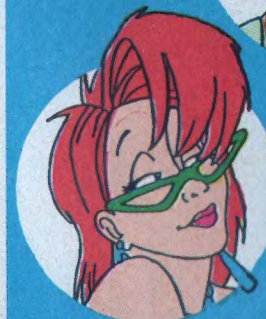
EGON SPENGLER



RAY STANTZ



WINSTON ZEDDMORE



JANINE MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

HORROR-SCOPE! PART TWO!

GHOSTBUSTERS HQ...

SINISTER CRACKS HAVE APPEARED IN EVERY SIGN OF THE ZODIAC ON THE ANCIENT STARSTONE OF STONEHENGE. I WONDER IF IT MEANS ANYTHING BAD?

HOW LONG HAVE WE BEEN IN THIS BUSINESS, RAY? OF COURSE IT MEANS SOMETHING BAD!

PROBABLY SOMETHING SERIOUSLY, WEIRDLY, CREEPILY, EVER-SO-BIG AND NASTILY BAD, WINSTON!

YOU COULD BE RIGHT, PETER! I'VE JUST BEEN CHECKING YOUR HOROSCOPES AND IT SAYS THE SAME FOR ALL OF YOU: "TODAY WILL COME THY DOOM!"

MINE JUST SAYS: "STAY AT HOME IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BE HORRIBLY ANNIHILATED!" SAY, THESE HOROSCOPES ARE A BIT SCREWY TODAY!

YEAH, BUT THE GUY WHO WRITES THEM, TOBIAS TWIN, IS NEARLY ALWAYS RIGHT!

LET'S CONTINUE OUR ANALYSIS, PETER - WHAT DO YOU SEE ON THE SCREEN?

A SHEEP, EGON!

TRY TO TAKE THIS SERIOUSLY, VENKMAN!

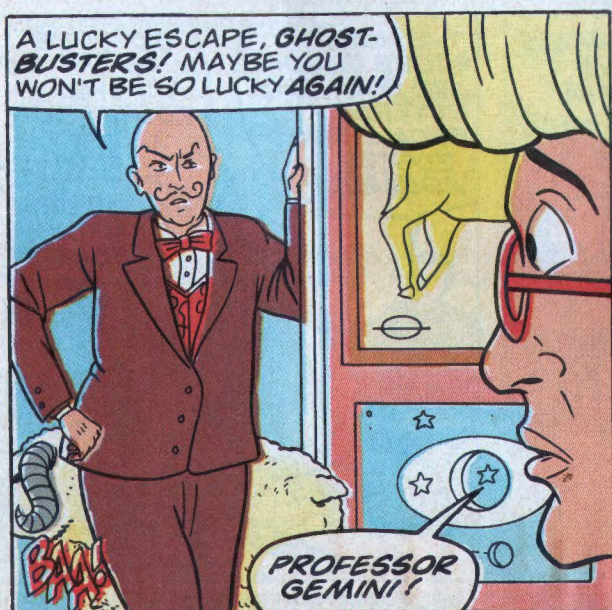
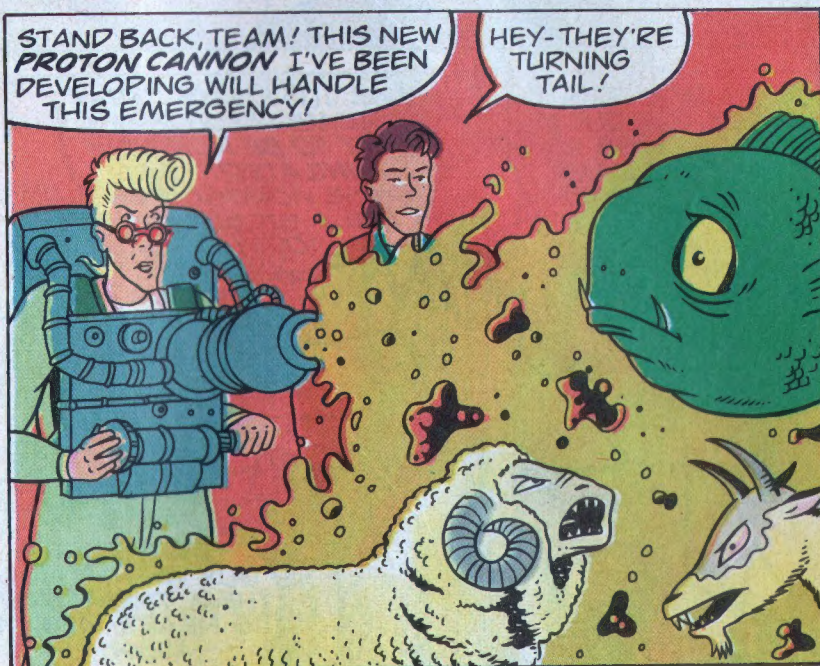
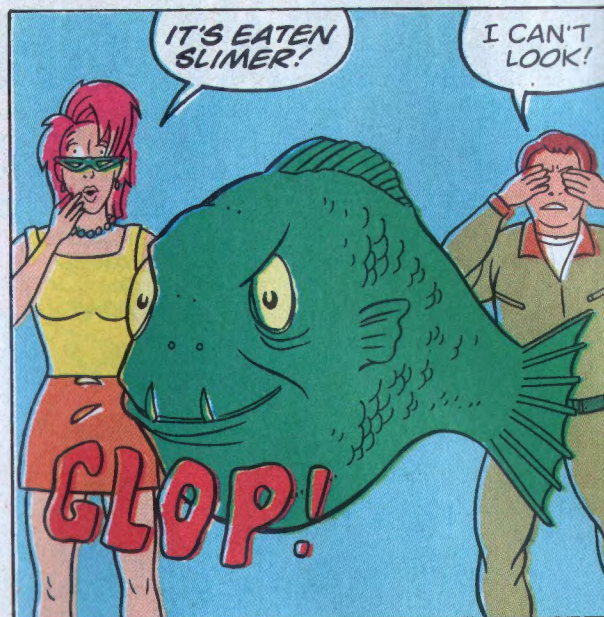
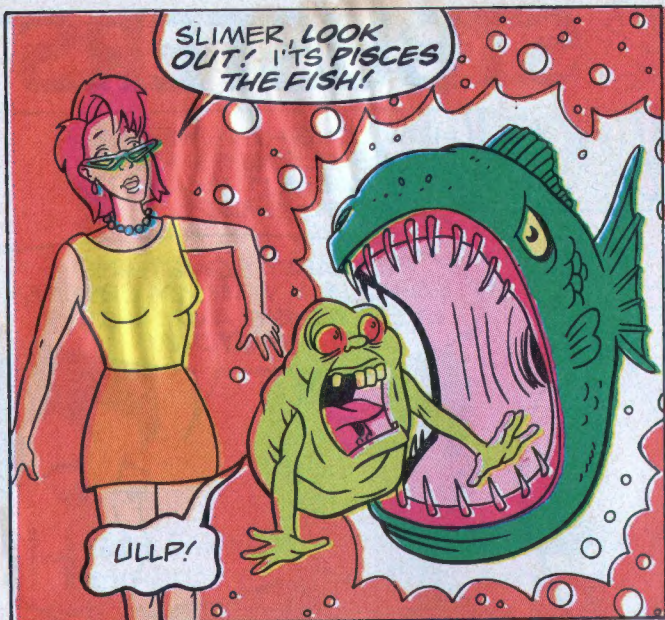
YIIKES!

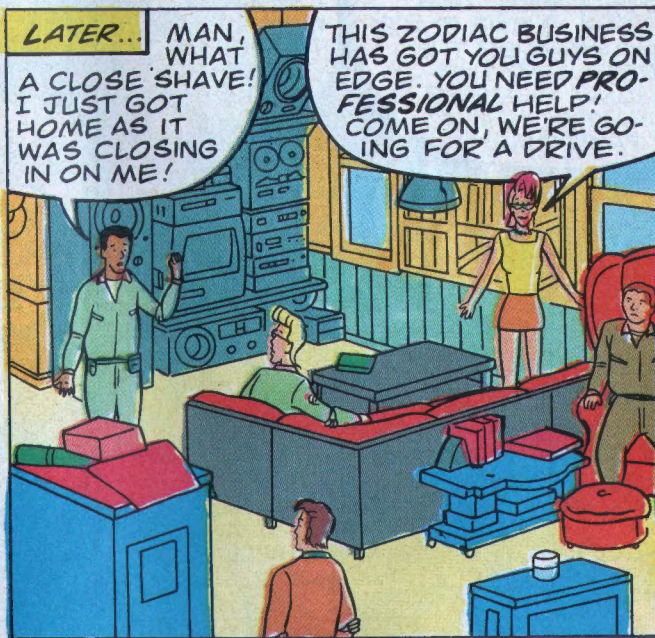
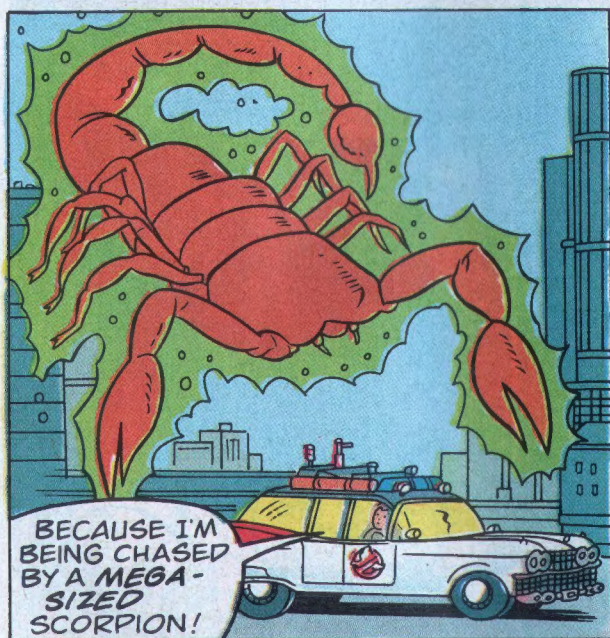
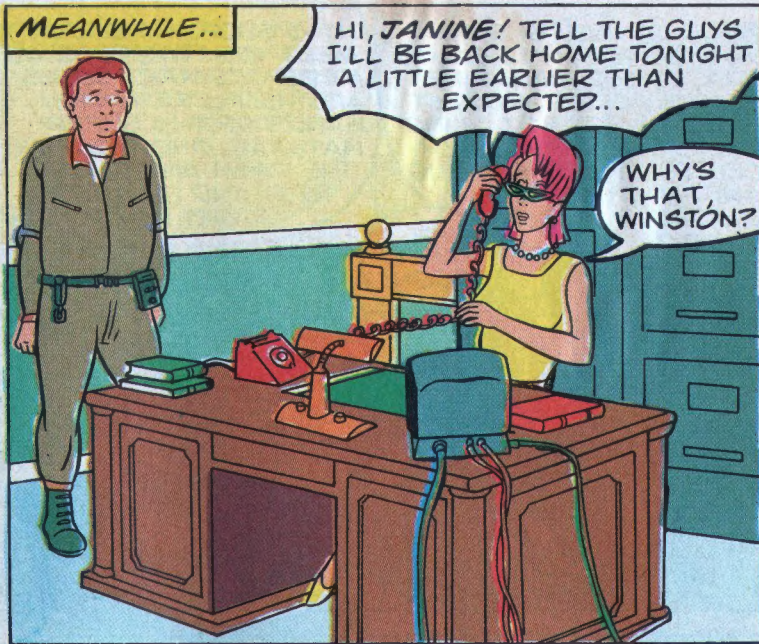
IT'S ARIES - THE RAM!

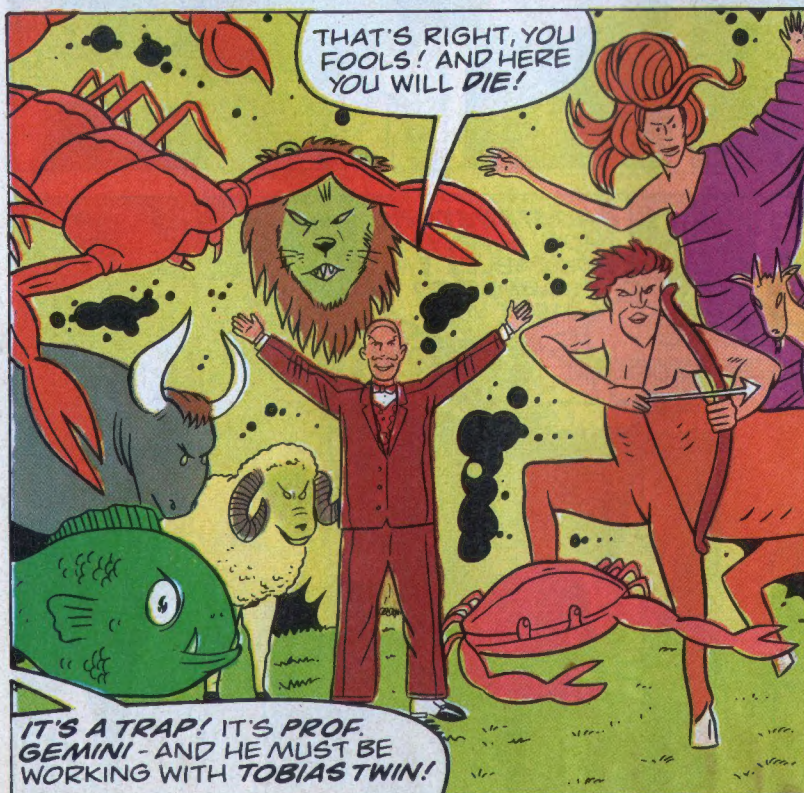
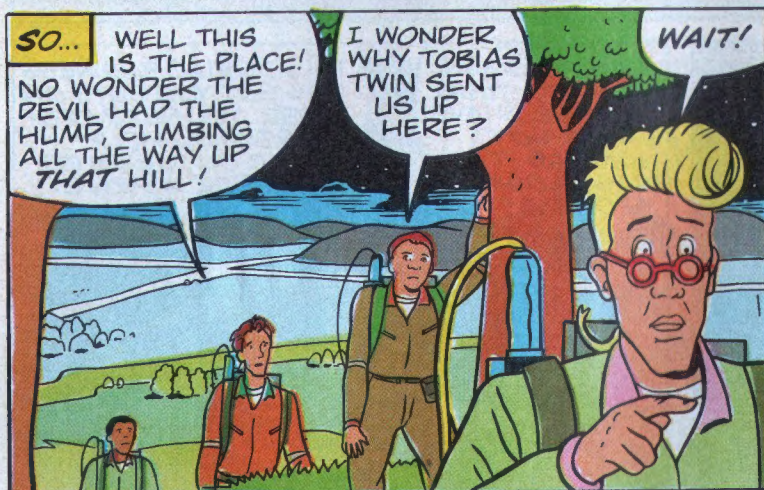
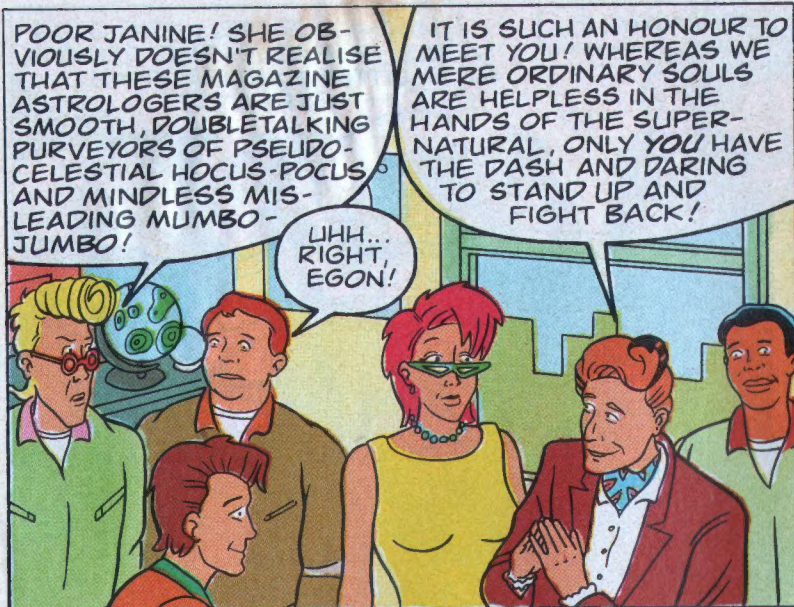
THE HORO-SCOPE DEMONS ARE BACK FOR REVENGE - BECAUSE WE BUSTED AQUARIUS!

BOY, I'VE ALREADY HAD ALL THE ZODIAC I CAN TAKE!

CAPRICORN IS EATING MY BLASTER!



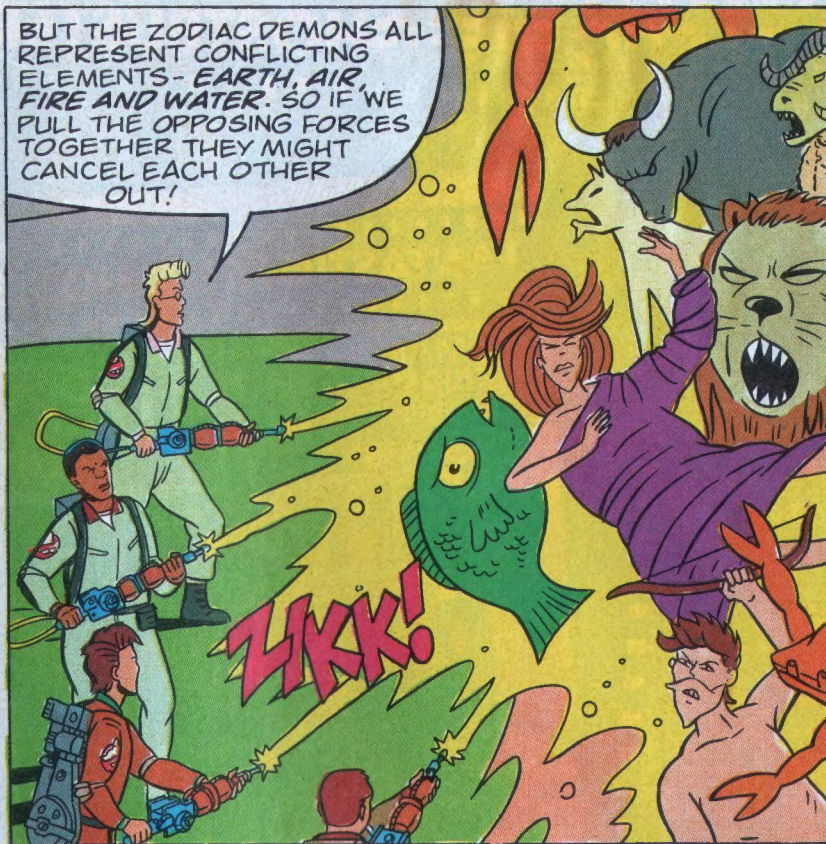






I REMEMBER WE BEAT THAT BIG DRIP AQUARIUS WITH FIRE.

THAT WON'T WORK HERE, PETER.



BUT THE ZODIAC DEMONS ALL REPRESENT CONFLICTING ELEMENTS - EARTH, AIR, FIRE AND WATER. SO IF WE PULL THE OPPOSING FORCES TOGETHER THEY MIGHT CANCEL EACH OTHER OUT!

ZKKK!



WHOOOOOM!



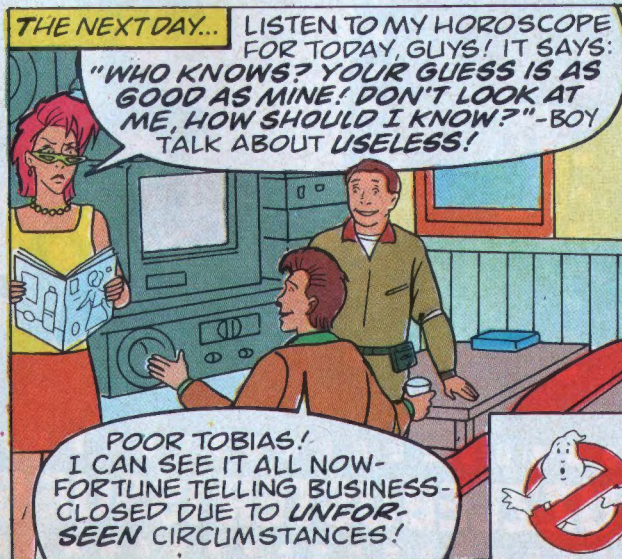
HEY, WE DID IT! BUT LOOK - TWIN'S STILL HERE!

YES - HE MUST HAVE BEEN THE HUMAN SIDE OF THE PARTNERSHIP! NOW I GUESS HE'S BEEN DISPOSSESSED!



HMM. NOW MR. TWIN HAS JOINED THE HUMAN RACE AGAIN, I WONDER IF HE'LL STILL HAVE HIS AMAZING POWERS OF PREDICTION?

MAYBE WE'LL NEVER KNOW!



THE NEXT DAY...

LISTEN TO MY HOROSCOPE FOR TODAY, GUYS! IT SAYS: "WHO KNOWS? YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE! DON'T LOOK AT ME, HOW SHOULD I KNOW?" -BOY TALK ABOUT USELESS!

POOR TOBIAS! I CAN SEE IT ALL NOW - FORTUNE TELLING BUSINESS - CLOSED DUE TO UNFOR- SEEN CIRCUMSTANCES!



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PUZZLEBUSTER ISSUE 5 ON SALE 28th MARCH

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE



The Ectozodiac – Part Two

Last week I began to tell you about the Ectozodiac Astrological signs that are followed and revered in the Supercosmos. This week, the conclusion of the symbol list.

Tautoise – Stumpy, slow moving and fond of lettuce, Tautorians have difficulty withdrawing their heads into their shells on account of the massive sharp pointy horns that are growing out of their eyebrows. Those born under this sign probably won't stray far from it without needing a rest and a piece of artichoke. Birthstone: is probably faster moving than they are.

Hairies – A rather unkempt ram, Hairies is the symbol for all Supercosmics who like butting in. Indeed, Hairians tell the worst jokes in the whole of the Other Side, and are shunned by all the other signs, including even the Conkerians, who don't want to risk dominating them for fear of hearing the 'why did the sheep cross the road' joke again. Birthstone: a furball.

PART 146

Serpico – Serpicoans all think they're Al Pacino under cover with an unmarked sedan on their tail. This is the sign for mumbling incoherently, growing a beard, producing a large revolver regularly and wingeing on about corruption in high places. Birthstone: has been withheld as evidence.

Leo – The smallest of all Ectozodiacal signs, there is only one Leo, a small Class sixer called, rather unsurprisingly, Leo, who lives at number seventeen, Infernal Avenue, Banishampton, Outer Hades. Leo insisted that he wasn't going to get lumped in with the other star signs as they didn't suit his

personality. A few spooks tried to talk him out of it, but he wasn't having it. Thus he was left to his own devices. Birthstone: a small piece of coal called Bernard.

Jumpingemini – You can't keep a good starsign down, and that certainly is true when it comes to the Jumpingeminis, who are the most active and bouncy of all the Ecto-star signs. Jumpingeminis like nothing better than a quick game of Numbly, an evening full of Synchronised Blerty and then down to the mortal domain for a harum scarum round of frightening the bejabbers out of us at high speed. Most ghosts we meet in the course of our duties are Jumpingeminis. Birthstone: rubber.

Exaggitarius – Exaggitarians claim that they are the most bestest of all Ectozodiacal symbols, and that there have been millions and billions and trillions of Exaggitarians who were miles better than anyone else, so there. Birthstone: a pinch of salt.

CHOC HORROR!



Story JOHN FREEMAN © Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON, BAMBOS and JOHN BURNS

It's Easter, which to Slimer means Easter Eggs and little else. . .

"SLIMER! WHERE ARE YOU?!" Peter screamed at the top of his voice, racing from The Real Ghostbusters' bedroom. Clutched in his hand was an empty, slime covered Easter Egg wrapper. "Where's my Proton Gun? This is the last straw."

"What is the matter, Peter," Egon said calmly, poking his head out of his laboratory on the top floor of the Ghostbusters' HQ. "Your excessive vocal-ity is severely disturbing my electro-field and combusive energy experiments. . ."

"Slimer's the matter" growled Peter, showing Egon his empty Easter Egg wrapper. "If he was alive, I'd kill him! It's really about time he found out that Easter isn't just about guzzling chocolate. Especially other people's chocolate!"

"An interesting problem," Egon replied. "That makes the seventeenth egg Slimer has eaten in the last two hours. I wonder if he's all right."

"All right? All right!?" Peter shouted. "I don't think he's worried about feeling all right. I think he's probably laughing in a corner somewhere, as he polishes off yet another Easter Egg." Peter dropped, exasperated, into one of the chairs in the lounge. "We've got to think of some way of stopping him, or he's going to think he can get away with eating everything in the building!"

Just then, ECTO-1 pulled into the garage, and Ray and Winston got out, each holding a smoking Ghost Trap. "Class three ghosts in a sweet shop," Winston explained to Janine, who was sitting at her desk. "You've seen one smoking Ghost Trap, you've seen them all," Janine replied.

"Yes, but these ghosts were eating everything in sight!" said Ray. "They were even putting Slimer to shame. By the way, has anyone seen Slimer? He ate three of my Easter Eggs yesterday and I want a word with him."

"Three? You sure it was only three, Ray?" said Winston, smiling. "I'm sure I saw at least ten in your cupboard."

Ray went red and mumbled something about getting the ghosts they'd caught into the Ecto-Containment Chamber. Peter and Egon had arrived in the garage by this time, and Peter mentioned his own problems with Slimer's eating habits. "Oh, come on," said Winston. "He's not really that much of a nuisance. A few Easter Eggs should more than make up for the help he's given us in the past."

"Still, he *has* eaten more than usual," Egon pondered. "I wonder if there's something new about that—"

"Guys! Get down here, fast!" shouted Ray from the basement. "I think we're in serious trouble."

Down in the basement, the Ghostbusters found Ray staring open eyed at Slimer, who looked very miserable. Not only did he look miserable, he looked very, very fat. Enormous. "Slimereee eaden toob moooch," groaned the ghost. "Bud Slimer buddee can't stop eating." With that, the ghost chomped into a pile of Easter Eggs beside him.

"Those are my eggs!" said Ray, then blushed again, "Well, at least, they might be."

"He's getting larger," said Winston. "Before long he's going to fill the entire basement. . ."

"Hmm," said Egon, "It seems that Slimer is acting under some external force to eat as much as possible. I wonder what it could be."

"I don't think we've got time to go out looking for it," said Peter. "Not only is Slimer getting bigger — he's getting solid, too. Look!!

Peter was right. As Slimer got larger, the ghost was also pushing against the walls of the basement — and the Ecto-Containment Unit. "He could break the Unit open!" said Winston. "Egon — you'd better think of something, fast."

"It won't do any good doing things fast," said Egon. "If I rushed my experiments like that, we'd never learn anything about the paranormal forces

we're dealing with."

"Egon," said Peter, "Exactly what experiments are you working on at the moment?"

"Oh, just a little something involving combustive energy and the manipulation of psychic fields on a gradual increment basis."

"Pardon?"

"I've been playing around with forces at different power levels," repeated Egon.

"When did you start these experiments, exactly?" asked Winston.

"Let me guess," grinned Peter. "About the same time Slimer started on his guzzling fit, I'll bet!"

"However did you guess?" Egon replied.

"Hey, we're all scientists here," said Peter.

"Buddeeee! Helpeeeeeee!" said Slimer, as the walls of the basement started to creak, the ghost getting bigger all the time. "Promiseeee never to eat your eggeees again!"

"I doubt that," said Peter. "But don't worry, we're going to help you! Quick, Egon - go and switch off your experiments. Somehow, they're affecting Slimer, making him a non-stop eater."

"They're affecting ghosts elsewhere, too," said Ray. "Don't forget those two from the sweet shop."

"But these experiments are vital in our understanding of the paranormal," moaned Egon. "I've been working on the power levels for months."

"Listen, Egon, if you don't switch them off, Slimer's going to switch them off himself - by bringing the whole of the building down!" Peter raced upstairs as fast as he could, Egon close behind, still protesting. Slimer gave a plaintive wail as his body started to buckle the Ecto-Containment Unit.

Upstairs, Egon's lab was bathed in a weird purple light, coming from one machine in the centre of the room. "Something's draining the power at a tremendous rate!" said Egon.

"Bang goes the electricity bill,"

moaned Peter, pulling the plug on the machine. But the machine didn't stop working.

"Fascinating. We're in big trouble," said Egon.

"Not exactly," said Peter, picking up a chair and throwing it at the machine before Egon could stop him. "Duck!" he shouted, doing just that.

The chair crashed into the machine and it squeaked like a living thing. "Oh, bother," came a disembodied voice. "Just as I was starting to have some fun. . ."

The machine exploded and suddenly the room was quiet, the glowing light gone.

"Strange," said Peter. "I wonder where that voice came from?"

"Well, I could always re-build the monitoring machine and try to find out," said Egon, picking up a smoking circuit board. Using a different graduation scale, working with shielded transistors and dampened para-triangular circuits. . .

"I'd rather not know, really," said Peter. "Not if it's going to make Slimer into more of a glutton than usual."

"Peterreee! Egon! Slimeree back to normal!" squealed Slimer, back to normal size and pushing his immaterial body up through the floor. With a huge grin on his face he embraced Peter and gave him a huge slimy hug. "Thankeee thankee," said the ghost. "Noweee - Easter Egg for Slimer?"

"See what I mean?" said Peter. "Anyone seen my Proton Gun?"



TOTEMPOLE TERRORS!

According to Egon the problems down at *The Wild West Museum* were all due to the Psycho Kinetic, sub generation particles found in the collective memory of artefacts. However, it turned out that things were a little more complicated than that. The newly erected totem pole in the Indian section was surrounded by supernatural savages. The thing was, there were too many of them to zap and trap.

Stuck for ideas, The Real Ghostbusters settled for a friendly pow wow in the Indians' wig wam, but trouble quickly broke out

when Peter complained about the peace pipe he was made to smoke. Within minutes, the Ghostbusters found themselves tied around the pole and in danger of being scalped. Pretty hair raising stuff. In fact, if it had not been for the arrival of Janine, our boys might have met with a bald ending. It was then that Egon piped up with the idea that the totem pole was the source and conductor of the disturbance and that by reversing the polarity it would act as a giant Trap. Fortunately it worked. The 'busters had evened the squaw.



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IN ACME
ACRES!**

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BUSTER BUNNY,
DIZZY DEVIL,
PLUCKY DUCK
AND MANY
MORE!**

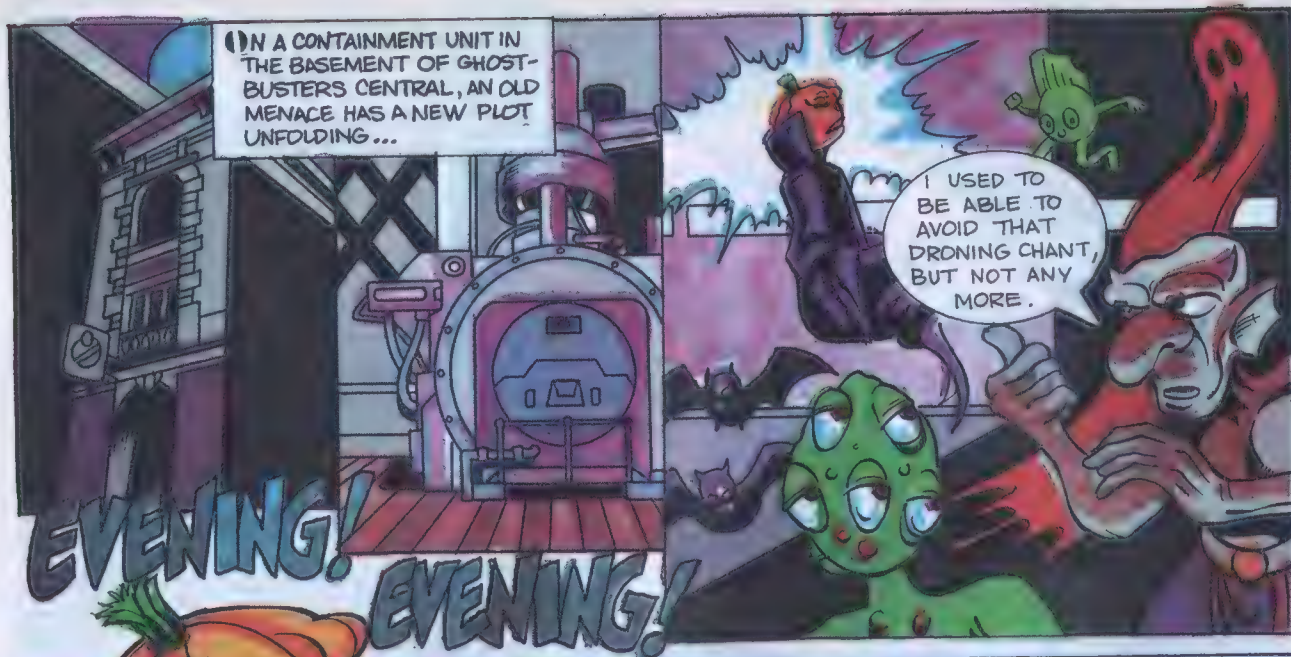
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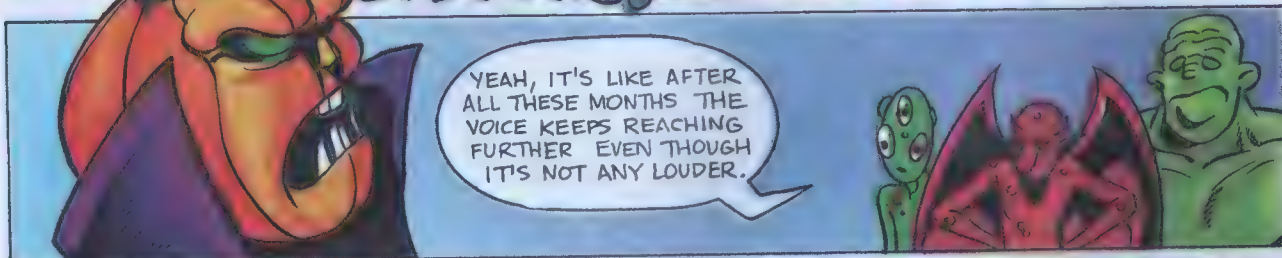




IN A CONTAINMENT UNIT IN THE BASEMENT OF GHOSTBUSTERS CENTRAL, AN OLD MENACE HAS A NEW PLOT UNFOLDING...

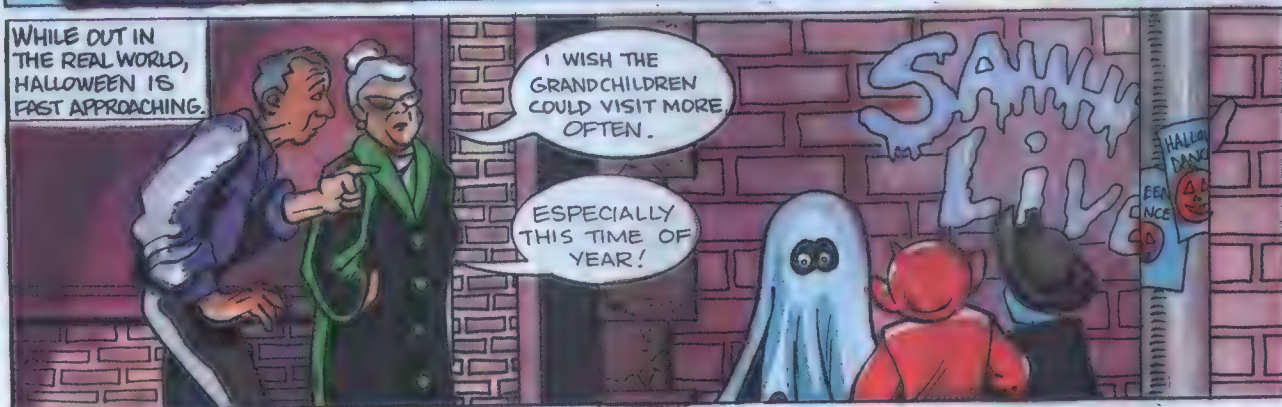
I USED TO BE ABLE TO AVOID THAT DRONING CHANT, BUT NOT ANY MORE.

EVENING!
EVENING!



YEAH, IT'S LIKE AFTER ALL THESE MONTHS THE VOICE KEEPS REACHING FURTHER EVEN THOUGH IT'S NOT ANY LOUDER.

WHILE OUT IN THE REAL WORLD, HALLOWEEN IS FAST APPROACHING.



I WISH THE GRANDCHILDREN COULD VISIT MORE OFTEN.

ESPECIALLY THIS TIME OF YEAR!



WILL WE DO?



YA KNOW, THEY DO SORTA LOOK LIKE THE YOUNG'UNS!

YES, YOUR SIDE OF THE FAMILY PRODUCED. THE HOMLIEST LOT OF KIDS A BODY EVER SAW!

ALL ACROSS NEW YORK,
STRANGE MANIFESTATIONS
PLAY TAG AMID THE
SKYSCRAPERS.



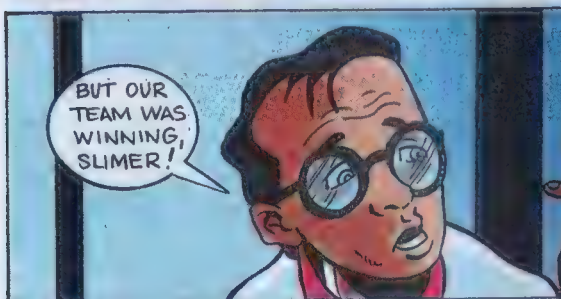
GHOSTBUSTERS! NO,
THEY'RE NOT BACK YET,
BUT IF THERE'S REALLY A
GOD THEY'LL BE BACK SOON!



IF YOU'RE NOT EATEN,
WE'LL CONTACT YOU AS
SOON AS THEY RETURN.



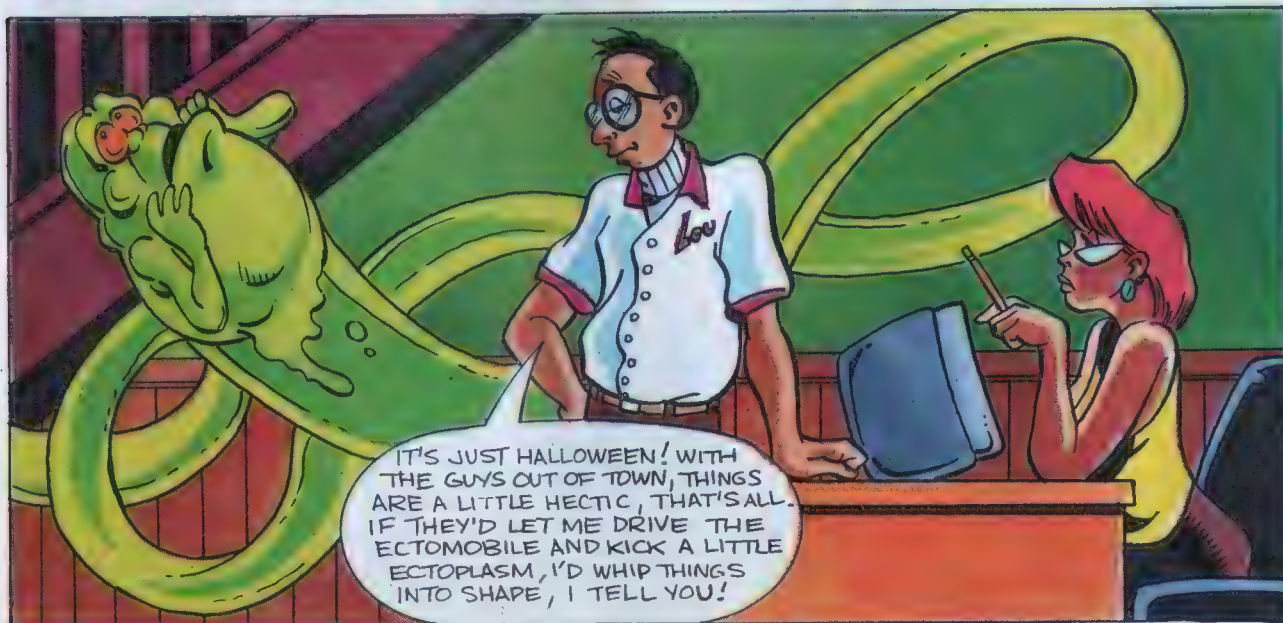
BUT OUR
TEAM WAS
WINNING,
SLIMER!

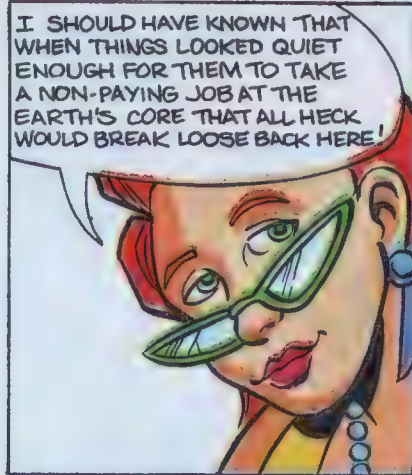


ALL RIGHT, SO THE
BOWLING PINS COMING
TO LIFE AND CHASING
THE OTHER TEAM HELPED,
BUT WE DIDN'T MAKE
IT HAPPEN! SO IT
WAS FAIR.

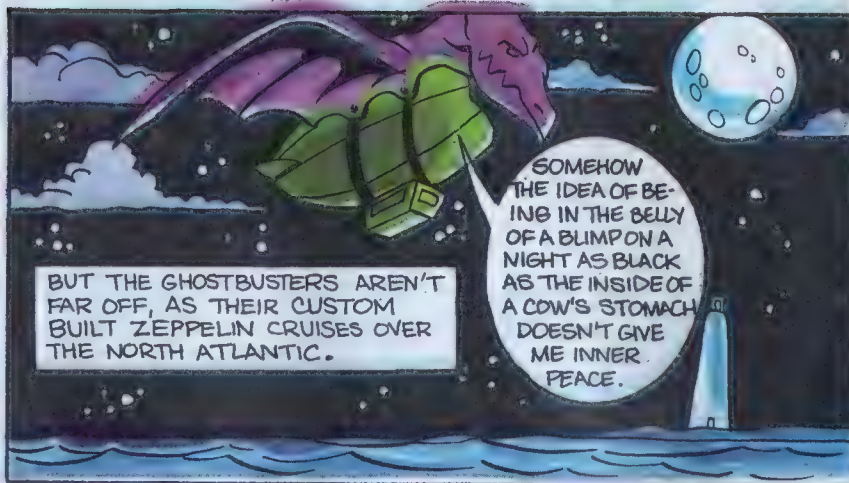


IT'S JUST HALLOWEEN! WITH
THE GUYS OUT OF TOWN, THINGS
ARE A LITTLE HECTIC, THAT'S ALL.
IF THEY'D LET ME DRIVE THE
ECTOMOBILE AND KICK A LITTLE
ECTOPLASM, I'D WHIP THINGS
INTO SHAPE, I TELL YOU!



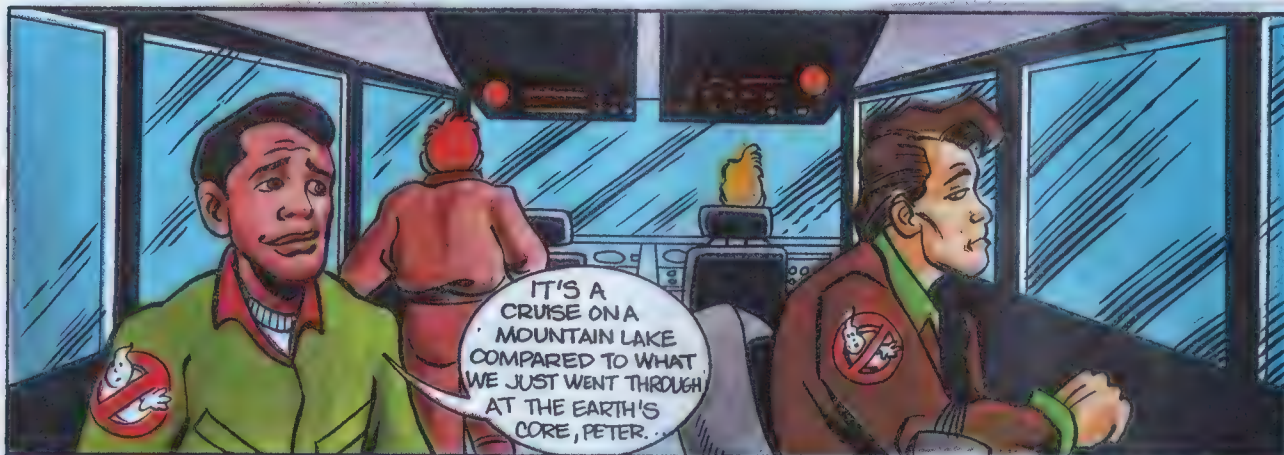


I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT WHEN THINGS LOOKED QUIET ENOUGH FOR THEM TO TAKE A NON-PAYING JOB AT THE EARTH'S CORE THAT ALL HECK WOULD BREAK LOOSE BACK HERE!

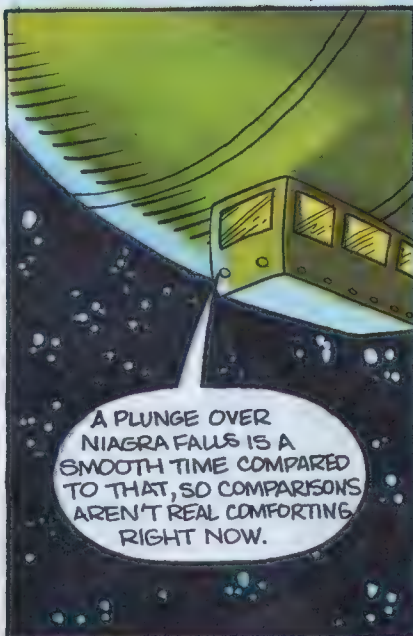


BUT THE GHOSTBUSTERS AREN'T FAR OFF, AS THEIR CUSTOM BUILT ZEPPELIN CRUISES OVER THE NORTH ATLANTIC.

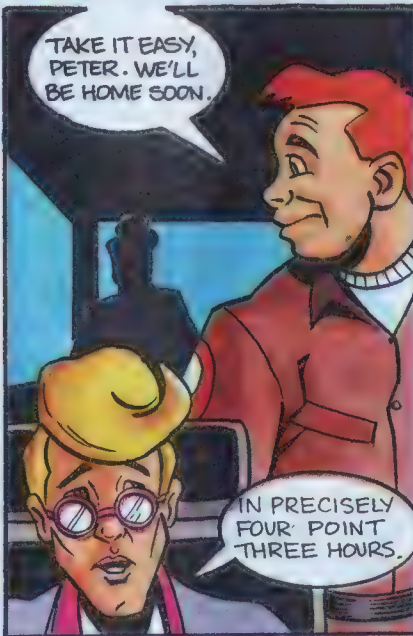
SOMEHOW THE IDEA OF BEING IN THE BELLY OF A BLIMP ON A NIGHT AS BLACK AS THE INSIDE OF A COW'S STOMACH DOESN'T GIVE ME INNER PEACE.



IT'S A CRUISE ON A MOUNTAIN LAKE COMPARED TO WHAT WE JUST WENT THROUGH AT THE EARTH'S CORE, PETER.



A PLUNGE OVER NIAGRA FALLS IS A SMOOTH TIME COMPARED TO THAT, SO COMPARISONS AREN'T REAL COMFORTING RIGHT NOW.

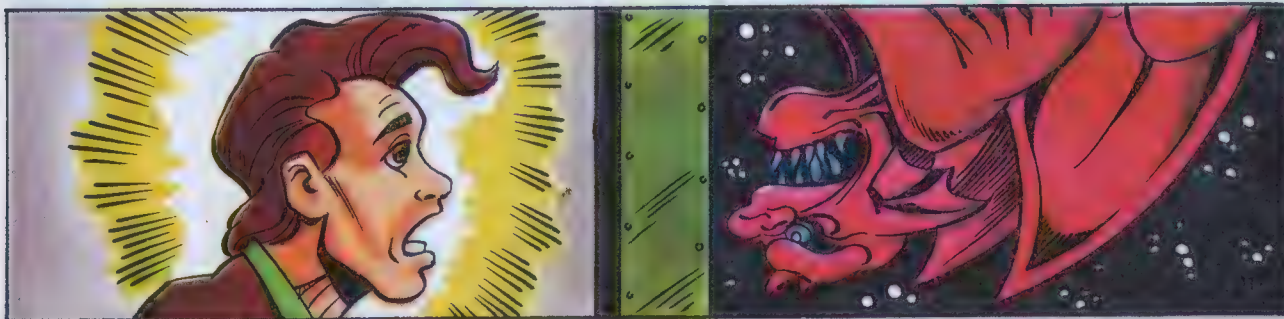


TAKE IT EASY, PETER. WE'LL BE HOME SOON.

IN PRECISELY FOUR POINT THREE HOURS.



AYE, AYE, MR. SPOCK! I WONDER IF THERE'LL BE A WELCOMING COMMITTEE?





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What is Winston's favourite book?
The Haunted House by Hugo First.
— Anon, Twickenham

What do Eskimos use for money?
Ice lolly!
— Paul McGurnaghan, Belfast

Where do monsters travel?
From ghost to ghost.
— Andrew Boulton, Inverness.

Knock, knock.
Who's there?
Teresa and Angus.
Teresa and Angus who?
Teresa Green and Angus Macoatup!
— Ben Roscrow, Crewe

Why are monsters' fingers never longer than eleven inches?
Because if they were twelve inches they would be a foot.
— Andrew Boulton, Inverness.



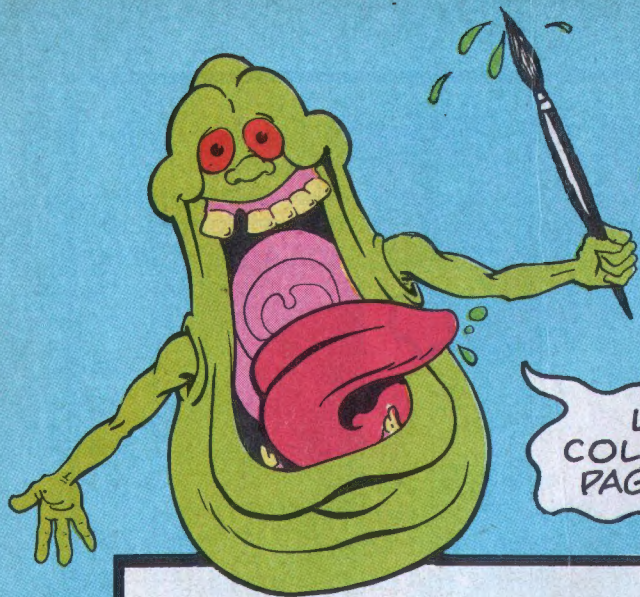
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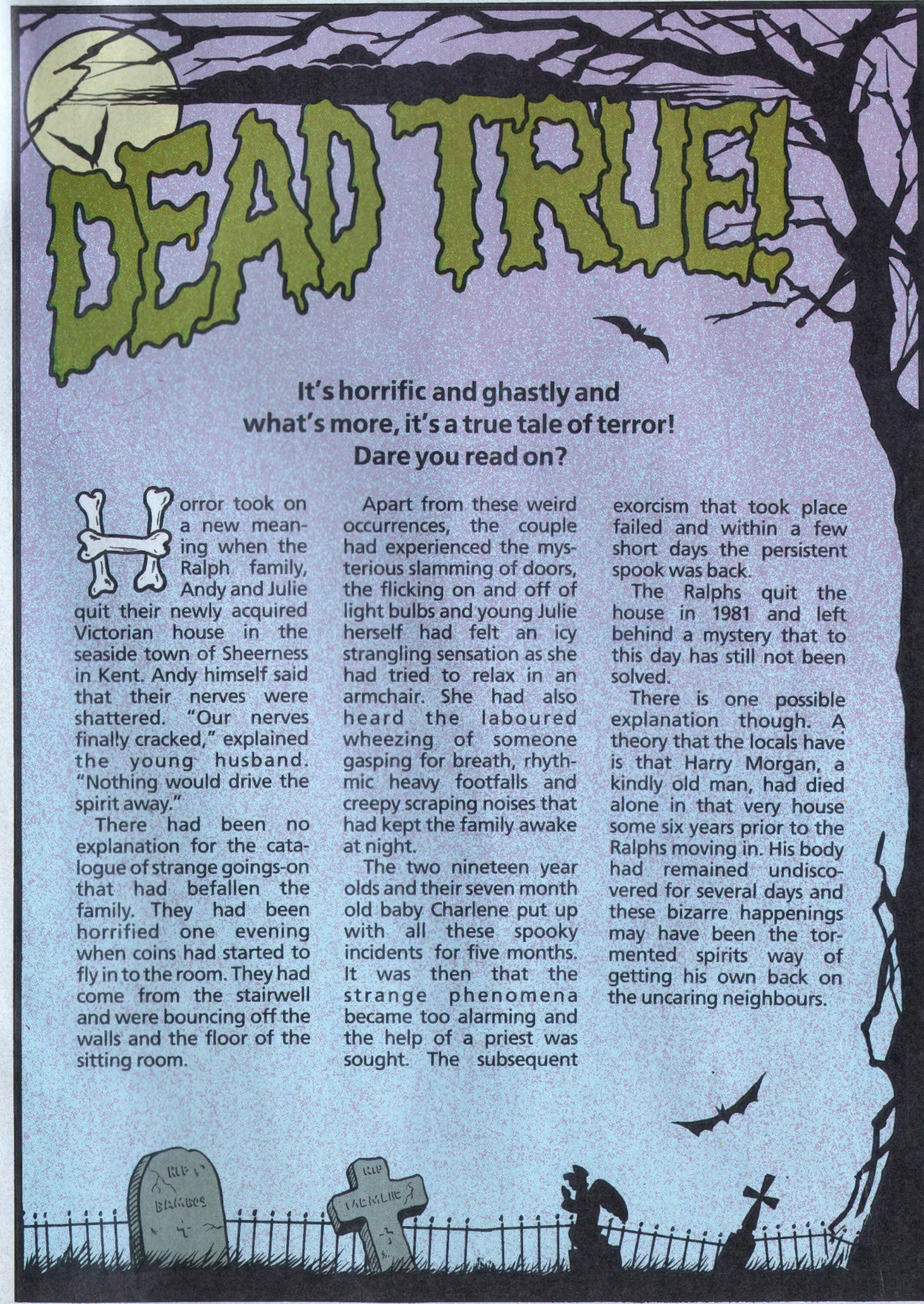
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SPECTRAL SPECTRUM PAGE!

LOVELEE
COLOURING-IN
PAGEY-WAGEY!!





DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?



Horror took on a new meaning when the Ralph family, Andy and Julie quit their newly acquired Victorian house in the seaside town of Sheerness in Kent. Andy himself said that their nerves were shattered. "Our nerves finally cracked," explained the young husband. "Nothing would drive the spirit away."

There had been no explanation for the catalogue of strange goings-on that had befallen the family. They had been horrified one evening when coins had started to fly in to the room. They had come from the stairwell and were bouncing off the walls and the floor of the sitting room.

Apart from these weird occurrences, the couple had experienced the mysterious slamming of doors, the flicking on and off of light bulbs and young Julie herself had felt an icy strangling sensation as she had tried to relax in an armchair. She had also heard the laboured wheezing of someone gasping for breath, rhythmic heavy footfalls and creepy scraping noises that had kept the family awake at night.

The two nineteen year olds and their seven month old baby Charlene put up with all these spooky incidents for five months. It was then that the strange phenomena became too alarming and the help of a priest was sought. The subsequent

exorcism that took place failed and within a few short days the persistent spook was back.

The Ralphs quit the house in 1981 and left behind a mystery that to this day has still not been solved.

There is one possible explanation though. A theory that the locals have is that Harry Morgan, a kindly old man, had died alone in that very house some six years prior to the Ralphs moving in. His body had remained undiscovered for several days and these bizarre happenings may have been the tormented spirits way of getting his own back on the uncaring neighbours.

JEEPERS CREEPERS!



IN JUST 7 DAYS

